DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE

McDIVITT & HULIN, Publishers and Proprietors.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1873.

THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Office, Hedden Building, R. R. Avenue.

TERMS ! One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, in

Advance. Single Copies Four Cents. ADVERTISEMENTS: A limited space will be devoted to first-class Advertising. The rates will be found below from which there can be no deviation. All advertise

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Poetrn.

POEM ON ROBERT BURNS. A sigh of tender thought to-night Give unto him that 's noo awa ; He whilom asked it "wi's tear

When yearly ye assemble a'," A sigh to think how genius' child Should 'mid life's toils and troubles sink, A sigh that heart so true and warm Life's bitterest potion dregs should drink.

For such a doom of darkest dool We see in story of his life-Until he sank beneath his woes

Unequal for the 'cursed strife. "Unequal?" What a word is this! Set it on high-emblazoned forth.

That henceforth little men may learn The proper measure of their worth ! Yours was unequal to the task Of courting favor from the great ;

"Of grasping gain and hoarding gold, Or creeping to the place of State! Unequal in his manly soul To utter words he did not mean ;

To stoop below his manhood's claims A lordling's chary praise to glean.

Yet not unequal to the task Of rising o'er Time's whelming tide, Till now o'er all the mental main Fame's topmast billows he doth ride!

Much homage of the heart hast thou, Most princely potentate of mind ; We see thee as thou art, for now Thy poverty is left behind!

Treasures are thine! the glowing east Never displayed so rich a hoard To grace withal thine homely board.

Treasures are thine for human hearts That own the sway of love divine, Or spurn the meanness of the wretce With whom Self is a sole design ;

And we are sharers of thy wealth. Cheirs with all the world to thee Mark we each gem how peerless is

Backward through misty time gaze we Over one hundred years to-night-When first thy raven eye beheld Unconsciously the flickering light.

Tho' born in cot "of low degree,". Near by "the banks of Bonny Doon," Thy muse hath reached o'er every sea, In many a deathless, stirring tune.

And though "Sweet Home" and "Freedom" have Been cherished themes in every tongue, And dear as are those hallowed scenes

From which Auld Scotland's manhood sprung Still dearer, holier in the light Of splendor o'er them thou hast flung. And strong as passions plaint or vow, By ardent lips have been expressed;

Thy Doric's soft and witching power We own the sweetest and the best. And in fame's vast etherial dome, Where mortals claim a deathless part, Thy place, dear Robin, 'mong them a'

Is : Poet of the Noble Heart.

MONTCLAIR, Jan. 25, 1873.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A bad policy-One that has expired. "Beautiful isle of the sea"-Sperm whale

A half finished stoop to a house indicates that the occupant is a carpenter.

The dearest object to a man should be his wife, but it is not unfrequently her clothes. Boys are like vinegar; the more "mother" there is in them, the sharper they become. Josh Billings says: "If I kin have plenty

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" moaned an old lady. The driver of a grocery cart, who let a

basket of eggs fall says that "truth squashed to earth may get up and git, but eggs

An exchange tantalizes its readers with this atrocity: "Have you heard of the man who got shot?" "Got shot? No; how did he get shot?" "He bought them.

how this kind of people never get there.

morning I'd better get up and make the fire; I told her to make it herself, that's all.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days. or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh!" replied the ingenuous child.

An exchange ambiguously says that Chicago has a colored hose company. Whether it refers to an organization auxiliary to the fire department, or to a social circle of blue-

stockings, we fail to infer. A father living in Titusville, who has two or three very courtable girls, placed a notice on his front door the other night, which in the parlor and but one lamp."

about to depart West, desires to sell a sitting in one of the most eligible groceries in town. J. W. Southwick, a prominent furniture and carelessness; but once in a while an ting in at the window with considerable The stove is one of the most powerful in the dealer in New York, one of the oldest of his aggregate statement such as the above will difficulty, he found on a table a note from market, and the cracker and sugar barrels line in that city. A short time since one of startle them into a consideration of their his wife: "I have gone out; you will find

[From the Chicago Tribune.] A Ruined Family.

the Tribune editorial room a young man stained with a deliberate crime, whose con- Southwick seemed to lack nothing that how to hold his peace. sequences, if pursued, would land him in wealth, position and social surroundings the penitentiary. He had no defence for could bring to insure happiness. They his guilt. But the case was one surrounded made their sumptuous home in the Hoffman with circumstances which made it the inter- louse, and moved among the most brilliant est of other parties to save rather than pros- life of the metropolis. gers to be more merciful to those loved ones of the new acquaintance.

mind, a generous and loving dispositionthese traits being remembered well after a lapse of years by those who knew him at that time. Two daughters and two other sons were born in the period between 1840 and 1850. The family is recalled as being rarely endowed with all that seemed needed to insure the happiness of a household. The home was one of wealth and luxury, the culture of the best.

Edward was educated at the University. and took high rank as a scholar. He went of salt mackerel for breakfast, I kin generally to New York at the age of 17 to enter into the store of Samuel Perry, on South Water street, an extensive cheese dealer. Perry failed three years later, and young Stokes made a new partnership with a junior of the collapsed house, and they, as Stokes & Budlong, opened a cheese store on Vesev street. They had excellent success, their foreign shipping trade being very large, calling Stokes to visit Europe several times within the next few seasons. About this time the senior Stokes was induced to remove to New York, where he made his office with his son, though not originally intend-Never place much reliance on a man who ing to become entangled in business. Such is always telling you what he would have was the result, however, and not only were done had he been there. I notice that some- the father, but other and prominent wealthy relatives, gradually and heavily involved in "Say. Jones what's the matter with your the extended ventures of Stokes & Budlong. eye?" "Oh, nothing, only my wife said this The failure of the firm followed, and father and son were thrown into bankruptev.

With the wreck of his fortunes young Stokes embarked next in the enterprise of establishing an oil refinery at Hunter's Point. Three hundred thousand dollars were expended in the works, which were to be of the best class, when the company fell into difficulties, and at this juncture the baleful light of Jim Fisk's countenance comes into the story. Jim was in the full tide of his operations with Erie. He held the advantage (we wish it were less employ-An exchange says: "One of our residents from the refinery gave him \$1,000 per week. ing of papers, etc. People are apt to think A Scranton man went home the other eve-

our oldest residents showed us a set of fur- ways.

niture, a wedding outfit brought to Chicago in 1836; bought of Mr. Southwick, who is now a man of immense wealth, and still in The other day there sat at our elbow in active business in a great Broadway establishment, The wedding of Stokes and Miss

ecute him, and he was anxious to close all The next scene in the drama brings the the news channels against exposure. He infamous woman Mansfield into the plot. made a touching appeal in behalf of his father | Solomon described her many centuries ago. and mother, his wife and children. "Think and we fear Solomon knew what he was writ- sword; it should cut, and not mangle. how you will plunge all my relatives in ing about. But his painting has never been grief!" . This same appeal is often made surpassed, and if somebody could have slipby those overtaken in wrong doing. What ped into Stokes mind, this little pen-por- ways bright. is more irrepressible than the direct countrait, made two thousand years ago, of Joter-appeal: "Young man, why did you not sephine Mansfield and her infamous sisters, think of them yourself?" Why ask stran- it might have spared community the fruits

than he, the only one who could have saved | And just precisely that happened which them? The saddest of all features in all the son of David predicted; from the house the cases on the calendar of wrong-doing is of the harlot the path turned downward. A the undeserved sufferings of the innocent quarrel between Fisk and Stokes followed. ones who sit grief-stricken in the penumbra It was carried into affairs of business. Fisk of a great crime. The offender calculated refused to allow the Hunter's Point concern; tion of my having done a good office. his chances, took the risk, and saw the to make a dividend, and thus cut off Stokes' cloud above his head? They, on the con- supplies. The disgraceful relation with a clear sky. No small part of the accumu- father-in-law Southwick, sent his daughter poet who first honored with that name a the present time, she can be seen in the lated guilt of most criminals is this antecedent and her child to Europe early in 1871, to re- mere Ajax, a man-killing idiot! ntter disregard of the tender household ties move her from the scene of the scandal. He, that should hold them in the way of right, enraged at Fisk, used his position as Secreinstead of which they are kept coiled on tary to collect \$3,000 from Devoe, an oil board as a last resort in case of shipwreck. merchant, which he held openly and defi-Without further moralizing, we have antly as his share of the profits. Fisk then him. thought that, though the task is no grateful caused Stokes' arrest on a criminal charge. one, the career of Edward S. Stokes, now Stokes turned to his wealthy relatives. No under sentence of death for the murder of one of them would bail him, and he was James Fisk, may be fully given as illustra- forced to make terms and submit, and reting how deeply a great crime strikes among fund the money. His relations to Fisk were the innocent victims, and that wealth, cul- bitter, and out of the intensity of the evil ture and standing are no sure safeguard passions and criminalities of his position against the saddest vicissitudes of human with Mansfield grew murder. Turn to Soloexperience. It is rare that'a reference of mon again, and there is no mystery in the this kind includes sufferers of like high chain of sequences. It is said that the same prominence, for there are no better names steamer that took out to Europe the murder in New York or Philadelphia than those of Fisk by Stokes, carried a divorce proborne by persons stricken in this catastro- cured by her family for his wife, who still

remains abroad. In the year 1838, Edward H. Stokes, a The story of family grief and reverses is successful cloth merchant of New York, and not all told. The senior Stokes, after thirty nearly connected with some of the most years of retirement and enjoyment of a luxprominent representatives of wealth and urious home, is bankrupt and homeless in beneficence of that city, retired from busi- old age. One of the daughters died two ness with a handsome competency. Eight weeks after marriage. The second daughyears previously he married a Miss Stiles, a ter, the wife of a Mr. Sutton, attached herdaughter of a leading Philadelphian, and, self so strongly to the fortunes of her broth seeking a home of ease and elegance, Mr. er that her husband discarded her, and she Stokes chose Philadelphia as his future res- is in refuge with her aged and penniless paridence. There his eldest son was born in ents. The second son, a young man of 1839, and named Edward Stiles, after a ma- great promise, died two months ago, of ternal relative. The lad was a boy of unu- grief and shame at the family reverses, and sual beauty and promise, a quick, active the whole tale of the innocent and suffering victims by this complication of crime and shame is not to be fully told without including some of the best known and esteemed of New York families.

If the young men in our community could only ride on express trains to the devil, and take no one with them, there would be less to be said, since from these considerations, it is every man's individual right to barter away his life and fortunes and sacred honor at his own price. Satan buys a great many of these poor fellows very cheap, and at short option to seller. But every car is part of a family train. The shock and crush of shame and disgrace must fall on innoceut as well as guilty. In behalf of the fathers and mothers and sisters of community, let general warning be made of the case of Edward S. Stokes. Where has romance woven anything so bad? Where, in modern communities, have been given more abrupt and startling variations of light and shade, from the brightest point of promise and assured happiness to the depths of darkness and misery, than those on which the

Facts for Careless People.

those who have occasion to correspond with She's been sorry enough, I guess."

"During the past year there were sent to ner for Febtuary. the Dead Letter Office nearly three millions of letters. Sixty eight thousand of these the value of \$3,000,000.

ed by even more scrupulous railway mana- No doubt the whole of that vast amount plate of hash?" gers than he,) supplied by his corporation of money was made up by inconsiderable and control of market, as the Erie was the sums in separate letters; indeed the proporer's Point refinery sailed strongly into suc- even without either date or name; and these, as well as partner. At one time his profits in their orders for the immediate forward- dried up. In 1864 Stokes married the daughter of but little of their own little acts of omission ning, and found his house locked up. Get-

Gems of Thought.

The more we sleep, the less we live.

Affected simplicity is refined imposture. He can never speak well, who knows not

Of tame beasts, the worst is the flatterer of wild, the slanderer.

but rising every time we fall.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes. Our greatest glory is not in never falling,

Satire should not be like a saw, but

gle thread. Merriment is always the effect of a sudden

impression. The jest which is expected is already destroyed. Let a man be never so ungrateful, or inhuman, he shall never destroy the satisfac-

from one of those athletic brutes, whom, trary, in many cases, receive the bolt out of Mansfield became more shameless, and the deservedly, we call heroes. Cursed be the When she is comparatively near us, as at

> Although the devil be the father of lies, he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the contin-

The best way to prove the clearness of our mind, is by showing its faults; as when a stream discovers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity

What a chimera is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depositary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scan-

Why Jenks Never Married.

"I think a woman is a tremendous being," said Jenks. When she's right, she's the rightest thing that floats. When she's wrong, she's the biggest nuisance that plows the sea, even if she's little and dont draw two feet of water. Perhaps it isn't just the thing to say to a boy like you, but you'll never speak of it, if I should tell you a little something?"

"O, never!" I assured him.

"Well, I spose I might have been a married man," and Jenks avoided my eyes by pretending to discover a horseshoe in the

"You don't say so !" I exclaimed in undisguised astonishment for it had never occurred to me that such a man as Jenks could

"Yes, I waited upon a gal once."

"Was she beautiful?" I enquired. "Well, I should say fair to middling." responded Jenks, pursing his lips as if determined to render a candid judgment, "Fair to middling, barring a few freckles."

"But you didn't leave her for the freck-

les ?" I said. "No, I didn't leave her for the freckles. She was a good girl, and I waited upon her, It don't seem possible now that I ever really waited on a gal, but I did."

"And why didn't you marry her?" I enquired warmly. "It wasn't her fault," said Jenks. "She was a good gal."

"Then why didn't you marry her?" I in-"Well, there was another fellow got to

hanging around, and-you know how such Here are a few facts which are worthy of for me or something and then the other the attention of careless people, particularly fellow married her, but I never blamed her.

newspapers, inclosing money and expecting Jenks gave a sigh of mingled regret and pity, and the subject was dropped. - Scrib-

"What do you call that?" indignantly letters could not be forwarded, owing to the asked a customer at a cheap restaurant. carelessness of the writers in failing to give pointing at an object that he had discovered the county or State; 400,000 failed to be in his plate of hash. "Wristband with sleeve sent because the writers forgot to put on button attached, sir," said the waiter briskly. stamps, and over 3,000 letters were put into "Well, do you consider that a proper thing the Postoffice without any address whatever. for a man to find in his hash?" asked the In the letters above named were found over enstomer, in wrath. "Good heavens, sir!" \$92,000 in cash, and drafts, checks, etc., to cried the waiter, "would you expect to find

Pestered with "contributions in verse great thoroughfare to the oil regions. A tionate average is a little over one dollar per from a persistent rhymester till his patience compact was struck. Fisk entered the re- letter. Publishers could add many curious gave out, an editor wrote to his correspondfinery company, re-enforced its capital, and items to these absurdities, such as money. ent thus: "If you don't stop sending me with a change of name and heavy "draw- letters properly addressed, but bearing no your sloppy poetry, I'll print a piece of it backs" on the Eric freight bills, the Hunt- date; others without signature, and some some day, with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your sweetheart's father." read, "Shut down for thirty days. No stove cessful competition. Stokes was Secretary too, are usually the ones most peremptory That poetical fountain was spontaneously

the door-key on one side of the door step."

Vol. I. No. 4. Bops' and Girls' Column.

The Transit of Venus.

We propose to devote each [week a column, more or less, for the instruction and mutual improvement of our school-boys and girls. We would like to have them send in questions of a useful, moral or scientific nature, to be answered the following week by their school-mates, or any other readers of the RECORD. Original problems, puzzles, &c., could also be sent in, accompanied by the correct solutions, and would a afford entertainment and instruction to all of us in solving them. If our young peo-Sloth, like mist, consumes faster than ple in any of the institutions of learning. labor wears, while the key often used is al- public or private, in Montclair or Bloomfield, think favorably of this department, No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or we shall be glad to hear from them at once. bind so fast, as love can do with only a sin- By way of an introduction to this feature, we have penned a little article which we have headed as above.

On any clear evening may be noticed two very bright stars, one near the eastern horizon and one a little higher up in the west. The former is the planet Jupiter, and the latter, shining with somewhat greater and purer brilliancy, is Venus. She is never seen Science distinguishes a man of honor in the east, because her orbit or path through the heavens lies inside that of the earth's. day time, even at noonday, under favorable

On December 4th, 1874 will occur a celes tial phenomenon which no person now livual improvements that have been made upon ing has ever witnessed-namely, the Transit of Venus. This phenomenon is a rare one, the last one having occurred June 3d, 1769. The orbits or paths of revolution of the planets Venus and Mercury lie between the earth and the sun. These orbits are concentric circles of greater or less diameter, all of them nearly in the same plane. Were the orbits of Mercury and Venus exactly in the same plane as that of our own planet, a 'transit" or partial eclipse of the sun would occur as often as either of these interior planets performed a revolution around the sun, and would take place at the date given in the almanac as the inferior conjunction of such planet with the sun. By observing the sun through a piece of colored glass at the exact hour and day of the conjunction you would see the disk of the planet pass slowly over that of the sun in the form of a small black dot, or speck-truly a marvelous sight. An astronomer in Philadelphis, who, through his telescope, witnessed the last transit of Venus, June 3d, 1769, was said to have been so overcome with excitement that he fainted at the eye-piece of the instrument.

The coming transit of Dec. 4th, 1874, is already beginning to absorb the attention of the scientific world. The United States Government devotes \$150,000 and the cooperation of the navy toward aiding our leading astronomers in making observations in different sections of the globe. Photography will also be utilized to record and preserve the views.

The American Artisan, referring to the nicety and truth of the Astronomical predictions in regard to this phenemena says :

To fully understand the wonderful minuteness and magnitude of these calculations, we may well ask how many of our readers could calculate when and where a railroad train starting from Burlington to New York, running twenty-five miles an hour, would overtake one which had started two hours sooner, to run thirteen miles an hour. This is a simple question compared with that which we have stated above. That a day and an hour could be named when an interior planet would come between us and the sun passes our understanding.

Sticking to the Contract.

A sea captain, in the vicinity of Boston, things go. I was busy and didn't 'tend up was about to start on a long voyage, and very well, I s'pose and she got tired wait- entered into a contract with a builder to erect him a commodious house during his absence. Everything was to be done according to the contract—no more, no less which the captain caused to be drawn up with great care. A large sum was to be forfeited by the builder if he should fail to observe any of the stipulations, or attempt to put in his notions where the contract made no provision for them. The captain sailed, and returned. His house stood in ample and imposing proportions before his sight, and he confessed himself delighed with the exterior. But when he entered and attempted to ascend to the second floor of the building, he found no stairs, and no means of ascent were to be had till ladders were sent for. The captain felt that he was trifled with, and a bit of nautical gale seem ed brewing. But this was soon quieted by the opening of the written contract, and there was found not the least provision for stairs in any part of the house. "Give me your hand, sir," said the noble captain; "all right! You've stuck to the contract, and I like it."

The stairs were subsequently, at a great expense, put in, and the captain often remarked that one of the pleasantest things about his elegant residence was the remembrance of one man who could stick to the

very terms of a contract





